TO MISS LOTTIE FRANKLIN.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

SONG.

Music by

SILVIO PRATEL.

3½

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BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

SILVIO PRATEL.

MODERATO.

O, the snow, the beau - ti - ful snow, Fill - ing the sky and the earth be - low; O - ver the house - top,
O, the snow, the beau - ti - ful snow, How the flakes gath - er and laugh as they go! Whirling a - bout in its

o - ver the street, O - ver the heads of the peo - ple you meet;
madden - ing fun, It plays in its glee with ev' - ry one.

Dan - cing, flirt - ing, skimming a - long; Beau - ti-ful snow! it can
Chas - ing, laugh - ing, hur - ry - ing by, It lights up the face, and it

do nothing wrong; Fly - ing to kiss a fair la - dy's cheek,
sparkles the eye; And e - ven the dogs, with a bark and a bound,

Clinging to lips in a frol - ic - some freak, — Beau - ti-ful snow, from the
Snap at the crystals that ed - dy a - round. The town is a - live, and its

heavens a - bove, Pure as an an - gel, and fick - le as love!
heart in a glow To wel - come the coming of the beau - ti - ful snow.

CHORUS.

Sop?.
Alto.

Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be tram-pled in

Tenor.
Bass.

Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be tram-pled in

mud by the crowd rush-ing by, To be trampled and track'd by

mud by the crowd rush-ing by, To be trampled and track'd by

thousands of feet, Till it blends with the filth in the hor-ri-ble street.

thousands of feet, Till it blends with the filth in the hor-ri-ble street.